

WITH the arrival, in a few days, of Sir Oliver Lodge, the British scientist of international reputation, New York will hear at first hand the evidence and arguments for the survival of the dead and their communication with the living as accepted by the greatest living scientific authority to take seriously Modern Spiritualism.

Sir Oliver is no intelligent amateur playing with a ouija board, nor is his faith based simply on the pathetic yearning desire which in this country—and even more often, abroad—has led into the spiritualistic fold those wives, mothers, fathers whom war drafted into the ranks of the bereaved. It is true that one of the most remarkable and touching accounts of an apparent entente between the dead and the living is "Raymond, or Life and Death," Sir Oliver Lodge's own story of conversations with his son who died heroically in France. Nevertheless, as far back as 1898 the man often called the discoverer of wireless telegraphy and the proponent of the electric theory of matter—to name only two of Sir Oliver Lodge's many claims to distinction—announced his belief that messages from the dead had been received by the living.

He then summed up the attitude of himself and other investigators toward the problem of communicating with the dead by means of speech through mediums and automatic writing, in the following expressive figure of speech:

"Like excavators engaged in boring a tunnel from opposite ends, amid the roar of water and other noises, we are beginning to hear now and then the strikes of the pickaxe of our comrades on the other side. The boundary between the present and future states is still substantial, but it is wearing thin in places."

He also declared flatly that it was the business of science to ascertain if there are not modes of existence higher than our own and if those cannot interact without material surroundings. For nineteen years the principal of the University of Birmingham, he at length relinquished his post to devote more time to psychic investigations.

A year before the war he announced to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, of which he was President: "Already the facts examined have convinced me that personality persists beyond bodily death. The evidence to my mind goes to prove that disincarnate intelligence, under certain conditions, may interact with the material world, thus indirectly coming within our scientific ken; and that gradually we may hope to attain some understanding of the nature of a larger, nobler, clearer, existence and of the conditions regulating intercourse across the chasm. A body of responsible investigators has even now founded on the fringes of our promising shores of a new continent."

In 1914, speaking to the Society for Psychical Research, of which he was President, he made a dramatic declaration of faith in practically all the spiritualists have claimed.

"I say it on definite scientific grounds," he asserted. "I say it because I know that certain friends of mine still exist, because I have talked to them. Communication is possible, but one must obey the laws to find out the conditions. I do not say it is easy, but I say it is possible, and I have conversed with them as I could converse with any one in this evidence now."

"Being scientific men they have given proof that it is real, not an impersonation, not something emanating from myself. They have given definite proof, I tell you, that I do with all the strength of conviction that I can muster—that it is so that we do persist; that people will take an interest in the things that are going on; that they still help us and know more about things than we do, and that they are able from time to time to communicate with us."

An American medium, Mrs. Piper, of Greenfield, N. H., warned Sir Oliver Lodge in August, 1915, that a blow was about to fall. Within a month he learned of the death of his gallant youngest son, Raymond, in battle near Ypres. Soon after that, in many séances with more than one medium, Sir Oliver himself and other members of his family, according to his detailed and frank story, talked with the dead boy.

He offered at least one proof of his belief—that, while it was the most difficult of explanation by the usual

The Day of Rest!

By Maurice Ketten

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LET'S RUN OUR HOUSE ON A DIFFERENT SCHEDULE THIS YEAR. MY DAYS OF REST HAVE BEEN A FIZZLE

I KNOW YOU DON'T GET MUCH REST ON YOUR DAY OF REST

I'D LIKE MORE TIME TO SLEEP OUR BREAKFAST IS TOO EARLY

YOU ARE RIGHT JOHN

WHY NOT HAVE BREAKFAST AT NOON AND DINNER AT SUPPER TIME?

I THINK I CAN FIX THAT

GLADYS WE'LL HAVE TO CHANGE THE HOURS OF MEALS ON MR. JOHN'S DAY OF REST

IF YOU CHANGE THE HOURS OF MEALS YOU CAN CHANGE COOKS

DON'T BE HASTY! I'LL FIX IT

IT'S ALL OFF JOHN. WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP TO OUR OLD SCHEDULE

GET UP!

The Jarr Family
By Roy L. McCordell
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Mr. Jarr Arrives at a Psycho-Analytical Conclusion as to What Every Woman Wants.

"I WAS downtown exchanging some holiday presents," Mrs. Jarr began, "and I saw Mrs. What's-Her-Name-to-day. She's gotten awfully stout."

"The information is decidedly interesting," said Mr. Jarr, as he recalled her of her husband. "I hope you conveyed my condolences to the lady. She was always an especial favorite with me."

"Too many ladies are especial favorites with you," said Mrs. Jarr. "But I'll wager you don't know who I'm talking about."

"Indeed I do!" said Mr. Jarr. "Mrs. What's-Her-Name! We met her at Where-It-Is on the Unimbleth of last September, she was in company with Mrs. You-Know-Who-Is-Pang and wore a very light, dark colored thing-a-ma-bob trimmed with that fluffy stuff."

"Oh, you think you're smart!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You know who I mean, the girl that used to talk so much and went crazy over every fellow she saw? I do hope she's settled down since her marriage. Long's Magazine! No just now, but you know the girl that was always asking me for advice and would never follow it when I gave it to her. Oh, yes, I remember her name now—Linda Magnuson! You know, she married young Mr. Binkham in the insurance business?"

"Sure! How is Bink?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"She don't know what to make of him. He isn't the least bit palatial any more, she was telling me. Mrs. Jarr went on, and he would do anything she says, but before they were married she could twist him around her little finger, all except spending money on her. Poor Linda, she says she would call on her now, just to see if it wouldn't stir him up a bit. But I just said to her, 'Don't come to me with your troubles! I told you you wouldn't be happy that way!'"

"What did she marry the insurance party for, then?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Why he ASKED her," said Mrs. Jarr. "The others were all right, some of them were just lovely to her, and I will say that they all sent her con-

The Office Force
By Bide Dudley
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Miss Primm Is No Flirt, but the Boss Says There Is a Reason.

"I SEE by the newspapers," said Poppa, the Shipping Clerk, as he turned from his sales book, "that a hen thirty-two years old has just died in Connecticut."

"She was no chicken, I'll say," cried from Bopple, the Office Boy, with a grin.

"Don't do that, kid," said Miss Tillie, the Bond Stenographer. "I thought you swore off joking for 1920."

"Never fear!" snapped Miss Primm, Private Secretary to the Boss. "He hasn't broken his resolution yet."

"I was just about to say that myself," said Poppa, addressing Miss Primm. "When you took the words out of my mouth."

"My goodness!" cried from Bopple. "My old Aunt Meg used to say I could read minds and transfer my thoughts on thought waves."

"Must have been a nutcase," chuckled Bopple.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Miss Primm.

"He said your old Aunt Meg was a nut!" said Miss Tillie. Miss Primm was furious. She turned and faced the boy.

"I'll have you know, young man, that my aunt was a cultured lady up to the time she died."

"And what was she after that?" Bopple asked seriously.

"Faster, faster!" cried from Miss Tillie. "Can you imagine Miss Primm being sweet to Bopple?"

"Of course she could," said Bopple. "But not as sweet as she is to Bopple. The other night I was sitting behind her at a picture show and—"

"Just a moment, young man!" said Miss Primm firmly. "I haven't been to a picture show this year."

"And neither have I," started Poppa.

"Bopple, what kind of a story are you telling me in those cases?" asked Miss Tillie, said. "Neither has been to a picture show this year."

"But last year you said he was more than a truck part," said Bopple. "The story I saw Poppa take Miss Primm's hand—"

"I remember that night," came Poppa.

The Ancient and Honorable Ancestry of the Automobile
By Charles E. Corwin
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PEOPLE who are not yet middle aged remember the first appearance of the automobile upon the roads of America. But while the automobile is yet young, it is of ancient and honorable ancestry.

As early as 1680 Sir Isaac Newton proposed a carriage to be propelled by a jet of steam issuing from a nozzle at the rear of the vehicle.

During the latter half of the eighteenth century several efforts to construct horseless carriages were made. The model of a steam wagon, built by a Frenchman named Cugnot in 1769, is still preserved in Paris. In 1802 Richard Trevithick of Camborne, England, made a steam carriage which he drove all the way to London, ninety miles distant.

Somewhat later Walter Hancock of Dublin devoted himself to perfecting a steam boiler which was used to drive a carriage of his own construction. This automobile was patented in 1827 and ran several hundred miles. Of it a contemporary paper says:

"A Dublin coopermaker has attracted the attention of multitudes by the exhibition of a very handsome and ingeniously constructed carriage, having but three wheels and propelled by a gentleman sitting within, at a rate of not less than eight or ten miles an hour. The force applied is in the operation of four levers, which are alternately acted upon with much ease either by the hand or the foot and cause the carriage to make an angle with much greater celerity than can be drawn by a horse can do."

"The maker, it is said, is building another on an improved, larger scale, which, it is believed, will supersede the present system of small coaches by horse."

This second vehicle was named the "Infant" and was quite successful. Hancock built other cars, which he named the "Ego," the "Enterprise," the "Autopipe" and the "Automaton."

This last was the most successful of all and was used on a regular stage route for nearly six months, carrying in that time over 12,000 passengers and traveling more than 4,000 miles.

Meanwhile other inventors were at work, the most successful of whom was Goldsworthy Gurney. Gurney constructed a steam carriage, which weighed nearly eight tons with driving wheels five feet in diameter. It is a masterpiece of the day's engineering.

"We have," he has been quoted, "the steam carriage invented by Mr. Gurney of London, and from the Library of Quixote of that place you learn that the steam of a horse's power has been put in the most complete shape. It is moved at a rate of nearly nine miles an hour, and its velocity might, with safety be considerably increased. The weight of the carriage is 1,200 lbs. and it is made of iron."

The editor of the Gazette says: "There is nothing in the appearance of the vehicle to lead the spectators to suppose it to be propelled by steam. It makes no more noise than an ordinary travelling carriage, nor is there any annoyance from steam or smoke. It is further asserted that it can ascend a hill with perfect ease and be managed with the utmost facility and safety."

But stage coach drivers objected to these vehicles because they frightened their horses and taxpayers complained of the damage which they did the roads. By about 1850 all these earlier horseless carriages had been abandoned and the way for the modern automobile was paved.

Two Minutes Of Optimism
By Herman J. Stich
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A Wise Man.

AN Emperor in his night-cap, it was once remarked, cannot command half the respect of an Emperor in his crown.

Only too often it is not what a man is but what he makes people think he is that gets him what he wants.

The feeling of being well dressed, of looking "just as" instills a sense of security and peace that few other things are able to bestow.

All of us can see: few of us can penetrate; a man of parts discounts them if he doesn't look it.

This world is made up of appearances—good, bad, different, indifferent; impressive, oppressive.

We occasionally detect the knotty timber beneath the smooth edge, but it is expecting too much to ask us to divine smooth timber beneath a knotty edge.

Dress does not make the man, but it frequently indicates content, respect, effort or wanting dislike and sweeping and stirring. She rubs her hands with a dagger after doing the right in the most complete shape. It is moved at a rate of nearly nine miles an hour, and its velocity might, with safety be considerably increased. The weight of the carriage is 1,200 lbs. and it is made of iron.

ADVERTISING.

My Sister's Soft, White Hands

and are in the Household Twins, take part in spite of the rearing, rearing effort of washing dishes and sweeping and stirring. She rubs her hands with a dagger after doing the right in the most complete shape. It is moved at a rate of nearly nine miles an hour, and its velocity might, with safety be considerably increased. The weight of the carriage is 1,200 lbs. and it is made of iron.

WHAT Do You Know?

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1. On what continent are rabbits a pest?

2. What city is the chief support of India?

3. What was the name of Commodore Dewey's flagship at the Battle of Manila?

4. What great fort in Spain is controlled by the English?

5. What is the religion of the Armenians?

6. What animal of the camel family is used as a beast of burden in South America?

7. What is the name applied to a man who is half Chinese and half white?

8. From what State was most of the spruce used for airplanes secured?

9. What city was the seat of the Confederate Government during the Civil War?

10. What multi-millionaire has recently given a large sum to be used for medical research?

11. From what large sea animal is the most delicious to be used quite extensively as food?

12. What major league baseball player had the highest batting average for last season?

ANSWERS TO SATURDAY'S QUESTIONS.

1. Mexico; 2. Good Hope; 3. Mayne; 4. San Francisco; 5. Wayne; 6. Colima; 7. Rheims; 8. London; 9. Pacific; 10. Rockefeller; 11. Seal; 12. Navajo; 13. Luther Burbank.